FRATERNITIES AND ORGANIZATIONS Odd-Fellows

The second degree was conferred on two andidates on Friday night by Capital

Grand Patriarch Stronp will institute a new encampment at Osgood, Ripley county. n the near future. Metropolitan Encampment was full of work at its meeting on Monday night. All

three of the degrees were conferred on several candidates. Grand Secretary Foster went to Waldron Wednesday to preach the funeral of an old friend. While there he was the guest of

Grand Patriarch Stroup Olive Branch Lodge, D. of R., will meet Saturday evening. This is the next to the be nominated for the coming term.

The members of Indianapolis Lodge ex-tended to Grand Master Leedy a reception Friday night. General congratulations were extended by the members and visitors. Wildman and Kokomo lodges, of Kokomo. were consolidated about a year ago. At the last session of the Grand Lodge authority was given for the reorganization of Wildman Lodge, and Grand Master Leedy will visit Kokomo on Thursday for that

purpose. The attendance at the meeting of Philox-enian Lodge Wednesday night was large. The first degree was conferred on three can-didates. Next Wednesday night the initiatory and second degrees will be conferred. The degree staff will be reorganized and the work improved.

Knights of Pythias. Work in the first degree was carried out by Center Lodge last Tuesday night. Excelsior Lodge conferred the amplified first rank upon four candidates Friday

The Knights of Indianapolis will return the visit of the Chicago Knights on Saturday, Feb. 21.

West Indianapolis Lodge will give a social and ball on Wednesday evening, Dec. 24, for the benefit of the lodge. The headquarters of the Grand Lodge and major-general of the Uniform Rank were recently removed from Talbot Block to Room 3, Vajen Block.

During the past week the amplified third rank was conferred upon candidates

Indianapolis Lodge conferred the amplified first rank upon six candidates Thursday night. The new paraphernalia brought into service on the occasion surpassed any-thing of the kind in the State. Excelsior Division has given several very

pleasant social entertainments recently,

and fitted up its armory in Lyra Hall in a handsome manner. The division will hold regular drills every Tuesday evening. On Thursday, Dec. 18, Banner Lodge, of Chicago, and Douglass Lodge, of Cincinnati, will pay a visit to this city, and be entertained by No. 56. The lodge will confer the amplified third rank upon several candidates, and a banquet will be spread.

Arrangements are being made by the members of the order in this city and county for an observance of the twenty-seventh anniversary of the order Feb. 19. It has been decided to have a street parade at 7:30 in the evening, to be followed by a grand

ball at Tomlinson Hall. West Indianapolis Lodge conferred the first rank upon two candidates last Wednesday night. This lodge is increasing in membership at an encouraging rate, and a division of the Uniform Rank will soon be instituted. General Carnahan will visit the lodge on Friday night next.

The castle hall project is assuming definite shape, and there is scarcely a doubt that before many months go by the Knights of Indianapolis will have a building they can point to with pride. An option has been taken on a site, and it is believed that a deed will be drawn up in a few days. Parties stand ready to erect a handsome

Knights of Honor.

Washington Lodge will give an enter-tainment at its lodge-room on Tuesday The Knights of Honor is now the largest secret benevolent order paying death bene-

the membership is 136,000, and extends to every part of the country. The Uniform Commandery has ordered new full dress uniforms, and will have

them as handsome as those of any order. The commandery is increasing fast and drilling weekly. M. M. Reynolds is the The officers of Eureka Lodge for the en-suing term will be: Dictator, S. K. Barrett;

vice-dictator, George Reisuer; assistant dictator, Henry Mittag; reporter, C. H. Libean; financial reporter, H. Rosengarten; treasurer, T. J. Yount; guide, John Moulton; chaplain, C. S. Leftwick; guardian, James Mitchell; sentinel, John Kerr; trustees, J. Moulton, W. J. Sumner, I. K. Robon; representative to Grand Lodge, E. R. Payne; alternate, W. J. Sumner. Victoria Lodge, at its last meeting, elect-

ed officers for next term as follows: Past dictator, J. A. Alexander; dictator, J. M. Bailour; assist ant dictator, W. T. Watkins; reporter, I. W. Hosman; financial reporter, O. A. Hodson; treasurer, A. P. Hacker; chaplain, W. A. Patterson; guide, I. E. Anderson; guardian, L. A. Dunlap; sentinei, L. Johnson; trustees, A. J. Dillett, H. B. Fatout, I W. Barttom; representatives to Grand Lodge, H. B. Fatout, I. W. Hoseman; judge deputy, H. C. Smith. The lodge made a good record during the last term, as shown by the election of two instead of one representative to the Grand Lodge. The lodge will not exchange halls with the Order of Pente to-morrow night, but will meet in its own hall and have degree work.

Sons of America. No. 5-conferred the second degree on two candidates Friday evening, and received thirteen propositions for intiation.

Both camps in this city are getting plenty

of practice in degree work. They are working the first, second and third degrees every meeting night. Camp No. 5, owing to its inability to secure the hall wanted by Dec. 12, has postponed its fair and entertainment until

the first of the year. The law compelling camps to publish the obligation of the order will probably be countermanded, as the camps throughout the country are protesting vigorously

All members of the order in this city should prepare for the Blue degree to be werked Jan. 12, 1891. A charge in the ritual in regard to this ceremony has proved very popular, as, by the old ritual, a candi-

date had to wait three months before he could sit in council.

Chosen Friends. alpha Council gave an interesting entertainment last evening. True Friend Conneil has a well-organized drill team to conduct initiations.

The election of officers in the various conneils will take place during this month. The most of the councils in the city are having good attendance and interesting meetings each week.

The members of Venus Council and their friends gave Past Councilor W. H. Chamerlain, sr., a surprise party lass Wednes-

The members of Alpha Council Club are making preparations to make their reception on the 24th inst. the most successful

Venus Conneil will initiate several candidates next Tuesday. The entertainment to be given by the council on the 30th inst. will be for the benefit of a disabled

The committees from the various councits appointed to arrange for a union publie installation of officers met last Tuesday evening, and agreed to engage Tomlinson make life horder for those to whom it is Hall for the occasion.

Knights and Ladies of Honor. one applicant last Tuesday evening. Supreme Secretery Charles W. Harvey is very sick at his residence on West Vermont

Pleasant Lodge, of Brightwood, received four petitions for membership last Thurs-Phonix Lodge will elect officers Wednes-

day, the 17th, and Pleasant Lodge, Thursday, the 18th inst.

protector Haught spoke in the interest of

A lodge known as Diamond was instituted at Kokomo last Saturday evening The lodge began its work with forty char

Washington Lodge conferred the degree upon one applicant and received three ap plications last Monday evening. It will have work in the degree to-morrow evening. Indiana Lodge conferred the degree last Thursday evening, and received one peti-tion for membership. It will also confer the degree next Thursday evening. This lodge will elect officers Thursday evening,

Improved Order of Red Men. Minnewa Tribe has elected the following officers: Prophet, Sam Laing; sachem, J. J. Cook; senior sagamore, O. W. Myers; junior sagamore, Charles B. Humphrey; C. of R., J. H. Wirtz; K. of W., J. A. McGaw.

MARRYING FUR A TITLE. How Count Peter Wins the American Girl and Her Mother.

Mrs. John Sherwood, in Harper's Bazar, There are probably ten thousand young American girls at this moment who are hoping to marry a titled man, such as young Count Peter, whom one of these met last year at Baden, who made every min-ute of her life delightful. And to her mother, who had passed her life in some very dull town, where she had never by any chance found a man who cared to amuse her, and no one of her own family who had either time or in-tention of making her life a particle less duil, this pleasant young Count Peter is a very remarkable revelation. He has abso-lutely devoted himself to her, to her shopping, to her delight in seeing pictures and hearing music, he has gone on like the second calendar wanting an eye, opening doors for her. To her daughand herself all over Enrope he has been their good genius. He has got them tickets which no one else could do to see palaces, to enter the sacred spots usually closed. For the first time in her life mamma has felt herself an object of supreme interest to somebody. Her husband was a good man and true, and she loved him, but he had no petits soins. He did not tell her that she was looking very well; that she was more attractive in gray velvet than in brown merino; he never kissed her hand, or pushed out by Kærner, Star and Marion lodges. The a footstool, or took her to the opera, two latter upon four and the first upon one making a little dinner before it for her and her party. Although he would have died for her, he did not amuse her. So it becomes the difference between rich brocade and brown linen. Her life is to her an entirely new thing, and with that native love of refinement which belongs to a woman's nature, she is delighted with this refined luxury which shows her that "heavy feeds" and mere spending of money (as they did at home) were a very small part of the luxury which life contains. Count Peter opens for her a new world.

One must eat the well-ordered dinner at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs with a party of which all the men are scaupulously dressed, the women costumed by Worth; must dine in the Bois of a fine summer night, and hear a distracting band playing Hungarian airs; must go next day to the races with somebody who can tell the name and history of every tine lady ho sits in the seats reserved for the wives of the Jockey Club; must enjoy the delicious air of a Parisian spring; must inhale the fragrance of heliotrope and lilac with this pleasant fellow on the back seat of the well-appointed landau, this agreeable and well-mannered, modest, almost boy, who knows so much about dead kings and queens, and who is on speaking terms with most live ones—to know hew thoroughly mamma was won before the young lady is even asked for.

Then Count Peter receives from land-lords, servants, coachmen, even the great Worth, a kind of attention which seems to these unsophisticated women to be the guinea stamp. Itaffirms all that they have read and believed of royalty, that a noble being, born of a different blood, is ranging himself and his rare accomplishments entirely for their benefit. Perhaps he permits it to leak out that an archduchess is waiting for him. He may say to mamma in great confidence that there is nothing so sad as the way marriages are managed abroad, and the sons and daughters of a lofty house married for their titles and not for themselves. How miserable are such marriages (here he looks at the pretty daughter) compared to one where the heart alone was consulted! And so on. He wins them both; he offers hand, heart and title; he is accepted; and then, when it is too late. comes the news that Count Peter is an impostor, that even his title is a doubtful one and that he only wants money. The intimate acquaintance of six months, perhaps, the kind interest, the real gratitude for real services cannot be effaced by even such a revelation, and, in nine cases out of ten,

revelation, and, in nine cases out of ten, the marriage takes place.

And then the disappointment. The glamour disappears, the mysterious doors no longer open, the guide, the explainer of dynasties, the man of picture-galleries, the dinner-giver, is no more. He may, when he chooses, still be the well-bred man, but he forgets his manners very soon, and then, after a few years of neglect and cruelty, the deinded wife and the more deluded mother come home several thousand dollars out of pocket, and wonder that they could have pocket, and wonder that they could have in Paris or some other foreign city, Count Peter saying to all his friends: "She wanted title, and I wanted money. She has got the title, but they have not paid me the money," and ten to one the sympathy

WOMEN WHO WORK.

The Cheapening of Labor by Those Who Work for Pin Money.

Boston Transcript. It would surprise any one, who had not considered the matter, to find how many married women, whose husbands should be able to provide for them, are at present wholly or in part self-supporting.

"I will not have a woman who has a husband to support her, or a girl who has a comfortable home, in my employ," said a conservative business man who gives oc-"I make it a point to employ only such as absolutely need work, and I pay them fair living wages. I do this as much from policy as principle. I have found these last the most profitable. They make the best workers, they are the most prompt and devoted to business. They are anxious to please, so as to retain their situations. They are not easily disaffected, and they are not in the habit of staying out every now and then when the fancy takes them; they cannot afford it. The result is that I get better service and have the satisfaction of knowing that I am putting my money where it will do real good. Some of my girls have been with me for years and are almost as much interested in my business

In contradistinction to this honorable and sensible policy is the readiness with which other business men will, by preference, make terms with young women who merely seek positions as a temporary diversion from the monotony of home life, or for a little weekly stipend to expend on luxuries. This class are not sticklers for a dollar or two more a week; they can afford to work cheap, and they do not consider the fact that they are cheapening labor for others to whom it is a necessity. While it can hardly be said that no one should seek a position who is not in pecuniary need of it, it should be said with emphasis that no girl or woman not obliged to work has a right to work under price, to the exclusion or the detriment of those who are obliged to be self-supporting. It is all the more easy for a girl who can pick and choose to get a fair price for her labor. and, for the sake of every other girl to whom work stands for passable comforts and honest livelihood, she should insist upon proper remuneration. No one can deny her the God-given right to exercise her powers and develop her own abilities, but every such girl should see to it that she is not a stumbling-block in the way of any other worker, and that she does not

already a toilsome struggle. Not Entirely Insane.

Springfield Republican (Mug.) The Democrate of Speaker Reed's district have concluded not to make a contest over the fairness of his election. His majority was away up in the thousands, but in the present state of the Democratic mind this conclusion affords remarkable evidence that their heads are not wholly turned.

Congressional Comedians. Washington Post.

Martha Lodge (German) netted a considerable sum on the mask ball recently held, and last Thursday evening had an elegant supper. Mrs. Katherine Hambright was mistress of ceremonies, and Grand Vice
Messrs. Enloe and Kilgore commence on their support will consist of such well-stations, revolvers in hand. The ponies of the Indians came scrambling along the known artists as Rogers, of Arkansas, and Bynum, of Indians.

Messrs. Enloe and Kilgore commence on their support will consist of such well-stations, revolvers in hand. The ponies of the Indians came scrambling along the rough path, one closely following the other, and the first rider never knew what hit Clover's mouth.

RESCUED FROM THE SIOUX.

On the 3d of May, 1867, a pioneer on the Solomon river, Kansas, heard the reports of rifles to the west of him just as he had finished breakfast. His name was Cherry, and his family consisted of a wife and two boys. Only one of the boys was at home at the time. He was a lad of twelve, named John. The Indians had been surly and menacing all winter, and every white man knew that an outbreak was likely to eccur in the spring. Believing that the blow was about to fall, Cherry closed and barricaded the doers, and made ready to hold out as long as possible.

Two hours passed quietly, and then the settler argued that the firing must have come from a party of hunters. In order to satisfy himself on this point, he slipped out of the back door into the brush, intending to go up the river to the other cabin. He had gone only a quarter of a mile when five Indians fired on him from an ambush. Every bullet, as they afterward related, inflicted a mortal wound. Cherry fell to the earth, but as they rushed forward to scalp him he killed the foremost man with a shot, and then, drawing his knife, he attacked the others and cut two of them badly before he fell down and died.

The reports of the ritles warned Mrs. of Cherry what had happened to her husband. He had taken the rifle, while she had a shotgun and Johnny had a single-barreled pistol. They did not have long to wait. A band of nine warriors came toward the front of the house waving a white shirt as a flag of truce, and when within ten feet of the door the leader called to the occupants of the house:

"We no hurt you if you open door!" "If you try to get in we shall shoot!" re

plied Mrs. Cherry. The Indians laughed in derision, and four or five stepped forward to burst in the door. Mrs. Cherry and Johnnie quietly retreated to the back door, hoping to get clear of the house, but as they opened it two warriors were found there on guard. Mother and son fired together, and the two men fell, but before the fugitives had run a hundred yards they were overtaken. The first impulse of the Indians was to tomahawk them, but after a wrangle lasting two or three minutes the lives of the prisoners were spared. They were taken back to the house, their arms tied behind their backs, and then, conducted by two warriors, they set off for the west. The Indians they had fired on at the door were both dead before the party started. This made three warriors killed and two wounded by

the Cherry family. Mrs. Cherry and Johnnie were taken to the other settler's, whose name was Robinson. He had been shot down in his door, and his wife and sister were prisoners. The house had been ransacked and set afire, and one of the Indians had Robinson's scalp at his girdle. The prisoners, who now numbered four, and were gnarded by only two men, were conducted along a small creek which empted into the Solomon, and after marching about seven miles were halted in a grove. The guards offered them no violence, and they were allowed to talk with each other as they walked along. The two Robinson women were completely over-come, but Mrs. Cherry and Johnnie were full of courage and determined to escape if

The grove had been named as a rendezvous, and the four prisoners were the first to reach it. One of the guards had an old wound in the side, and about an hour after reaching the grove he pulled off his shirt to dress it. Mrs. Cherry's arms were so securely bound that she could not release them. They had been more careless in the case of the boy. As the two Indians were employed with the wound the lad worked his arms loose, and, with an encouraging nod from his mother, he made a rush for the rifles. With one of them he shot the wounded Indian dead. The other was wrested from him before he could fire, but he turned and ran

and got clear away, dodging the bullet sent after him, and the surviving Indian did not dare to pursue him for fear the women would get away. This brought the dead up to four. What happened to the lad after his escape no one will ever know, as no trace of him was ever discovered. I myself was employed for nearly six months searching for him, after peace came, but nothing came of it. He was not killed as he wandered about; neither was he re-taken. I believe he perished on the plains from exhaustion.

The remaining Indian sat with his rifle across his knees and guarded the women until a band of seven or eight of his com-panions came up. They had as prisoners two children belonging to a family named Hascall, a woman named Deering and a boy, ten years old, named Lawton. This boy had been living with an uncle named Thomas, and both his aunt and uncle had been killed. In the raid on the settlers quite a number of Indians had been killed and many wounded. But for the efforts of the sub-chiefs all the prisoners would have been tomahawked. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the party left the grove and headed to the northwest. All the lashings were cast off to enable the prisoners to move faster, and in the confusion of starting Mrs. Cherry managed to pick up and secrete a hunting-knife, which had belonged Oh, vain for the church bells to sound to the Indian her boy shot. After traveling four hours the Indians made a camp, without fire, food or water. Here one of the Indians attempted to outrage Mrs. Cherry, and she gave him such a blow across the throat with the keen-edged knife that his head was almost severed from his body. She was disarmed and tied, hand and foot, and the Indians promised that she should be tortured for three whole days

before death came to her relief. I must now continue the story from a different experience. Twenty days after. the party of prisoners had disappeared into the Indian country I was engaged by the father of the Lawton boy and by a brother of Mrs. Cherry to make at effort to find and rescue them. The northern and western parts of Kansas were then in the hands of the hostiles, many of the fortsand posts besieged, and there were no railroads to transport troops. Indeed, the lethargy of the government in reinforcing the troops cccupying stations greatly encouraged the Indians and prolonged the war.

When I cut loose from the frontier I had as a comrade a scout and Indian-fighter named Reid. We were mounted on fine and speedy mules, had Winchester rifles and revolvers, and the pair of us were put up against four or five large tribes of Indians. Scores of prisoners had been carried off along the entire frontier, and to look for any particular one seemed a hopeless task. We knew, however, that the two we wanted had made their start from the grove on Mink creek, and we decided to make that our point of departure. It was then forty miles from the nearest military post, but we reached it without accident. We had not yet unsaddled our horses when Tom made a discovery that furnished us with a clew. He picked up an Indian tobacco pouch which had belonged to a Sioux. Up to this time we did not know whether the pair we were after had been captured by the Sioux or Chevennes. This gave us a big start in the right direction. Although the two tribes had joined hands for the war, their territory still remained the same and their villages had not been moved. We must bear more to

the west and search among the Sionx. It must not be imagined that we went riding boldly around the country on our errand. There were days and days that we lay in hiding. If we moved at all it was by night, and then only short distances. The country swarmed with red-skins, and there was never an hour that we were not in danger. We were gradually working toward the villages on the Smoky Hill Ford and its territories, and our game was to play hide and seek. As both of us understood the Sioux dialect, we picked up bits of information let fall now and then by parties passing our hiding places, and such were our precautions that we worked our way over seventy miles into the ludian country without leaving a trail anywhere. We had one close call as we neared the villages. We had advanced about five miles during the night over ground so hard as to leave no trail, and were lying up for the day in a dry ravine. About 9 in the morning, as I was on watch, I espied a couple of Indians to the east. They had been sent from some war party with a message to one of the villages. They were riding at a gallop when I first saw them, but of a sudden they balted, held a conneil, and both rode into the ravine about eighty rods above our position. They could not have seen our trail, nor had they reason to suspect our presence, and I never could fathom their action. They were coming right down upon us, and I had Tom awoke in a jiffy. Just above us was a sharp bend, and here we took our stations, revolvers in hand. The ponies of

him. The second saw us, but was dead five seconds after, and we at once secured the ponies. We were a bit auxious for the next hour, fearing that the reports of the revolvers might have reached the ears of Indians riding about; but no one appeared and the day wore away without the slightest alarm. This was the fourteenth

day of our advance, and the thirty-fourth

day of Mrs. Cherry's capture. Let us now return to her. The prisoners were marched across th country to the villages on the Smoky Hill Fork. The first idea was to put all of them to the torture, but the chiefs finally decided to hold them for a while and see how events would shape. Two sons of prominent chiefs and a great medicine man had been captured by the whites, and it might be that they would have to be ransomed by giving up prisoners. Mrs. Cherry and the Lawton boy were kept in one village, while all others captured with them were sent to another. They were made to carry wood and water, live on the food thrown to the dogs, and every hour in the day were told of the fate in store for them. Both were beaten by Indian women and boys, but they did not feel their lives in peril. They slept in a tepee, with an Indian boy

about eighteen years of age and au old hag On the afternoon of the day we killed the two Indians in the ravine, Mrs. Cherry secreted a tomahawk under the dried grass composing her bed. It belonged to the Indian boy, but he did not miss it. She heard them talking that day about moving camp, but nothing was done, because no orders came. At midnight, when everything was quiet, Mrs. Cherry crept over to the Indian boy and sunk the blade of the tomahawk in his skull. He raised his arms, but made no outcry, and was dead in two or three minutes. She disposed of the old woman in the same way, and then waking up young Lawton, she took him by the hand and walked out of the village.

At 1 o'clock in the morning, as I was scouting on foot to locate the village and was within a mile of it, I met Mrs. Cherry and the boy. She had the Indian boy bow and quiver, and Lawton carried the blood-stained tomahawk. We pushed back to the ravine as fast as we could go, and after reaching it we lost no time in mounting and heading to the south. We were not followed from the camp, as an order reached it at daylight to move to a distant point, and we dodged the war parties until another two hours would have carried us into a post. We were then suddenly conented by a band of thirty warriors. but after a race of two miles we beat them in securing possession of a grove, and for three hours we held them at bay. Troops from the post then came to our rescue. had been hit in the arm, Tom in the shoulder, Mrs. Cherry in the cheek, and the boy lost two fingers by a bullet. We had killed three warriors, wounded two or three more and knocked over four ponies. The Indians were scared away from the post very soon. What they did with the captives among

them we never learned. -New York Sun. Written for the Sunday Journal.

December. . December is with us at last Hail to his blast! When flaky whiteness, falling fast, Across the valley-land is cast, And on the mountain summit massed Let lake and river, stretching vast, With skillful glazer-fingers glassed, In crystal stillness stand aghast, While Boreas goes plunging past!

Farewell to the wheel-rolling days! Now let the neighs Of dashing bays and prancing grays, Across the white and winking ways Of morning's mistless, restless rays, And from the mystic, snowy maze
Where slience in the moonlight strays
Wake echoes with the mingling lays
Of laughter and the jingling sleighs!

Gay lovers of Time's icy space, Ho, for a race! Let boys of skill and girls of grace Glide far, or whirl in splendid chase Or strange, fantastic figures trace With winding lines that interlace Across the water's frozen face. While down the gleaming coasting-place. The slim toboggan sweeps apace! The season of harvests is o'er.

Thanks to the sower, The gatherer and God, the Grower, Our world is filled with goodly store; So let our fireside praises pour, And men be glad—and glad the more They hear the baffied tempest-roar That many a thousanth year before Has hurtled round old Winter's door! -Tucker Woodson Taylor.

The Groggery Cash Bell. From the earliest glimmer of day To the setting of every sun, There's a chiming of bells that merrily tells Of shame and of crime begun. Five cents for a glass of beer;

Ten cents for a whisky straight. And the devils stand near with a horrible leer Like the wrath of a hideous fate. And all through the wearisome night In noisome and smoke-tainted air, Men are mixing their brains with horrible pains And branding their souls with dispair.

Ten cents for a glass of rye; Chingi Fifteen for a Bourbon sour. While little babes cry because hunger is nigh And tortures them hour after hour.

The beautiful praises of Christ. By a merrier chime ringing all of the time Are the souls of our brothers enticed. Ten cents for a glass of wine:

Fifteen for a bumper of rum While the desolate pine with a patience divine, And the mourners with sorrow are dumb

Then what though hard times be abroad. And the gaunt form of famine appear! There is gold and to spare to buy whisky and And enough to buy sorrow and beer. Ten cents for insanity's spell:

Five cents for a bumper of woe-'Tis a musical knell ringing souls down to hell And to frenzy and shame ere they go! -George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

"Not Come Out." Her sisters to the hall have gone, And she must sit alone. For only eighteen summers This girl hath known. But, oh, how kind the summers were, And, oh, how fair! To light the eyes that shine in her.

And gild her hair. My Cinderella by the fire At home alone must sit. But over her the firelight Is glad to flit. And, oh, how soft the firelight lies, And, oh, how fair! Upon the lashes of her eyes,

And on her hair. And if my Cinderella dreams About a prince at all, Her prince is not invited To lead the ball. But, oh, how bright his kingdom shows, And, oh, how fair!

And she has set her prince's rose Within her hair. A little firelit smile awakes And all her tace turns happy As I come in. And, ch. what cares she for the ball. However fair!

When her true lover's kisses fall

Upon her hair!

-H. C. Bunner, in Christmas Puck. To a Friend Across the Sea. But once or twice we met, touched hands, To-day between us both expands A waste of tumbling waters wide, A waste by me as yet untried, Vague with the doubt of unknown lands.

Time like a despot speeds his sands; A year he blots, a day he brands. We walked, we talked by Thames's side But once or twice.

What makes a friend? What filmy strands Are these that turn to iron bands! What knot is this so firmly tied That paught but fate can now divide! Ah, there are things one understands But once or twice. -Austin Dobson, in December Century.

----The Way. "So young he cannot know the way." So I heard a mother say. At the close of a summer day; But he knew the road, it seems, Into the shadow-land of dreams, And she wept above his clay. Since, though young, he knew the way.

-R. H. Stoddard. Queer Kansas Products. Memphis Appeal (Dem.) "My wife is just as ragged, dirty and HUMUR OF THE DAY.

No Harm Done. The Epoch. First Literary Character—You've been stealing my ideas!
Second Literary Character—That's all right, I couldn't sell them.

Irate Caller-Is the editor in?

Editor (rising to a height of six feet four Caller-Ah! I'll call some time when he's Feminine Amenities. Smith & Gray's Weekly.

Miss Beacon Street (of Boston)-I under-

stand that you found a grand piano in your stocking on Christmas morning.

Miss Livewayte (of Chicago)—Yes; and I understand that some one put a lead pencil in your stocking and filled it up. Schedule Time. New York Weekly. Mr. Cheapside—I thought you said you were going to Mrs. Brick's 5-o'clock tea this afternoon. It's after 5 now.

Mrs. Cheapside—There's no hurry. Her5-o'clock tea isn't like'y to be ready before 7. She's got the girl I used to have.

Buying for Herself. Smith & Gray's Weekly. Mrs. Cumso-What are you going to give your husband for a Christmas present, Mrs.

Mrs. Gazzam-Really, I don't know. thought of giving him an umbrella, but I can't find one that I would like to carry for ess than \$7.

Too Good. Clothier and Furnisher.

Mrs. Bingo-You know you spoke about giving those old clothes of Tommy's to the poor. On second thought, hadn't we better send them over to the minister's children? Bingo-Capital. But in that case I guess you had better let Tommy wear them a few weeks longer.

Equal to the Emergency.

London Tit-Bits. He (just introduced)-What a very homey man that gentleman near the piano is,

She-Isn't he? That is Mr. Hobson. He (equal to the occasion)-Oh, indeed! How true it is, Mrs. Hobs homely men always get the prettiest

National Prejudice.

Chicago Tribune. Eminent Surgeon (to patient suffering from bad case of necrosis)-I have brought the dog, my friend. We will now prepare for the operation of uniting the bone of his leg with the bone in yours.
Patient—Vot kindt of a tawg you haf got?
"An Irish setter." "Dake id avay!"

A Pleasant Arrangement.

New York Weekly. Bride-Now, my dear, how shall we manage about church? We belong to different religious denominations, you know. Shall I go with you, or will you go with me?

Groom—I'll tell you how we'll fix it. You tell your minister that you are going to my church and I'll tell my minister that I am going to your church. Then we won't be missed and needn't go anywhere.

Music, Heavenly Maid. New York Weekly.

Mr. Canner (of Chicago)—Are you fond of music, Miss Tremello? Miss Tremello?

Miss Tremello (of Boston)—Music, Mr.

Canner? Could any cultivated consciousness possessed of delicate susceptibilities help being devoted to so divine an art?

Music! Music is my passion.

Mr. Canner—I am so glad. May I have the pleasure of your company this evening to the minstrels? to the minstrels!

His Ideas Not Wanted.

Great Editor-You want to be a journalist, Mr. Deake? What are your qualifica-Mr. Deake (with pardonable pride)—I was graduated from Harvard, and took a post graduate course at Yale.

Great Editor—Um, yes; both good colleges, athletically; you must have a good pair of legs! Suppose you start in collecting bicycle notes for our Connecticut edi-

A Correct Surmise. Clothier and Furnisher "Excuse me, Mr. Travers," said the tailor,
"but a gentleman named Jagway was in
yesterday and wanted to order some clothes.
I was a trifle suspicious of him, sir. He
said he was a friend of yours and referred

me to you." "Of course," said Travers, "Jagway is all right. Why, sir; that fellow is just as good as I am."
"Yes, sir," replied the tailor, sadly, "that

is just what I thought. Worse Still. Briggs-Here's a strange thing. A fellow went down to the river the other night to commit suicide, when he suddenly remembered that he owed a druggist 20 cents for a package of cigarettes. It bothered him, so he went right back to pay it. Griggs-What did he do then, commit

other package of cigarettes. Bound to Sell. Clerk-That's a very fine piece of goods,

Briggs-Worse than that, He bought an-

Madam-I don't believe there is enough "We have more just like it."
"It's a little too light, too." "We will order a darker shade, with pleasure." "And it's awfully expensive."

"You will not be hurried about the bill, "And I know my husband won't like it." "We will inclose a divorce with the

A Much-Lied About Bill.

Toledo Blade. The federal elections bill is not a "force" bill: it is intended to secure an honest vote and honest returns. Its purpose is to restore the government of the people to the States now ruled by oligarchies. It will not affect "local self-government," for it applies, and can apply, only to elections for Representatives in Congress and for presidential electors. It overthrows no right of citizens or communities, but is intended to restore the right of suffrage to citizens unlawfully deprived of it.

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Leave for Pittsburg, Baltimore, (d 4:45 a m. Washington, Philadelphia and New d 3:00 p m. Arrive from the East, d 11:40 am., d 12:50 pm. and d 10:00 pm.

Leave for Columbus, 9:00 am.; arrive from Columbus, 3:45 pm.; leave for Richmond, 4:00 pm.; arrive from Bichmond, 9:00 am.

Leave for Chicago, d 11:05 am., d 11:30 pm.; arrive from Chicago, d 3:45 pm.; d 3:80 am.

Leave for Louisville, d 3:40 am., 8:00 am., d 4:00 pm. Arrive from Louisville, d 11:00 am., 5:55 pm., d 10:50 pm.

Leave for Columbus, 4:10 pm. Arrive from Columbus, 10:20 am.
Leave for Vincennes and Cairo, 7:20 am., 4:00
pm.; arrive from Vincennes and Cairo; 10:50 5:00 pm. d. daily; other trains except Sunday. UANDALIA LINE -SHORTEST BOUTE TO

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